

GOLD  
KEY

YOGI BEAR

STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# YOGI BEAR

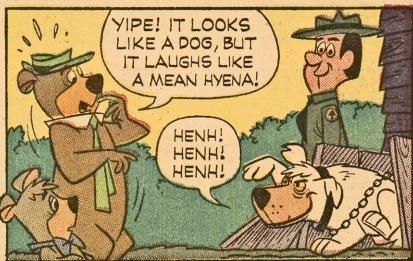
10066-410  
OCTOBER



Hanna-Barbera

YOGI BEAR

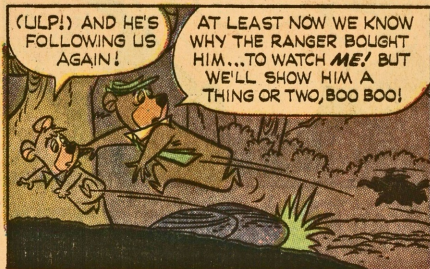
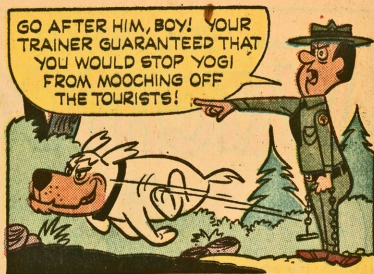
# WATCHDOG DILEMMA



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.  
YOGI BEAR, No. 18, October, 1964. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc.  
Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year;  
Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the  
U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1964, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.







LATER...

WHEW! WE WENT THROUGH CRIPPLER CANYON, OVER MEANER MOUNTAIN, THROUGH THE OLD INDIAN TUNNEL, AND UP CODFISH CREEK!

HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE FOLLOWED US! HE'S LOST SOMEPLACE BACK THERE!

SOMEPLACE BACK THERE IS A GOOD PLACE FOR HIM! NOW WE CAN GOBBLE OUR GOODIES IN PEACE!

LEAVE IT TO ME TO FIND A BULGING BASKET AT THE END OF THE TRAIL! YOU HAVE TO GET UP EARLY TO OUT-SMART YOGI!

HE MUST'VE BEEN UP EVEN EARLIER THAN YOU, YOGI!

(SIGH!) WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, BOO BOO! WE'RE NO MATCH FOR MUGGER!

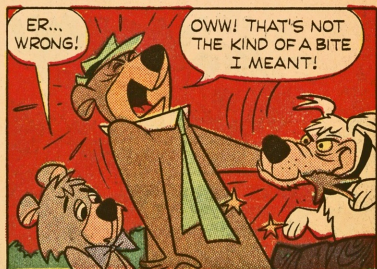
HENH!  
HENH!  
HENH!

IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO SIT THERE AND KEEP GUARD FROM NOW ON!

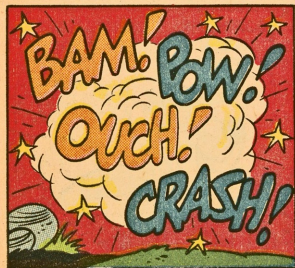
GEE, YOGI... I NEVER SAW YOU GIVE UP BEFORE!

I'LL **NEVER** GIVE UP AGAINST THAT PUP! I WAS JUST FAKING HIM OUT!





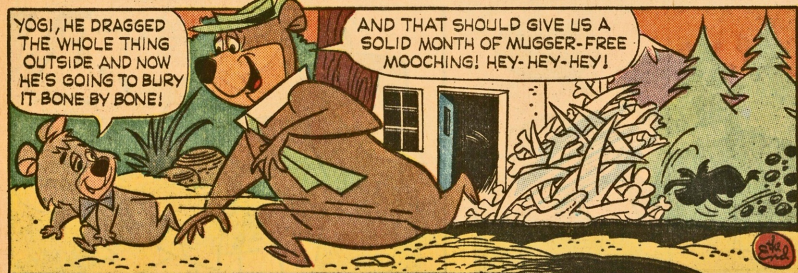
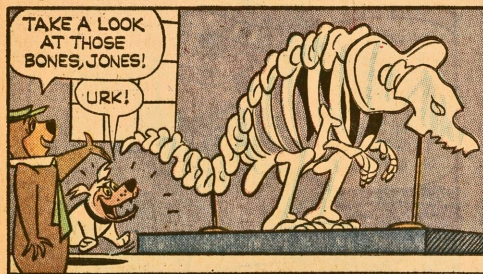
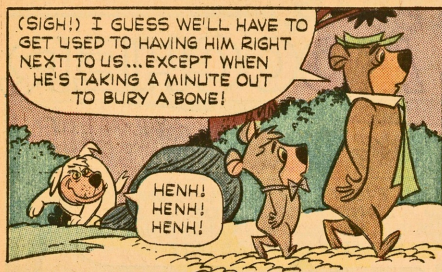














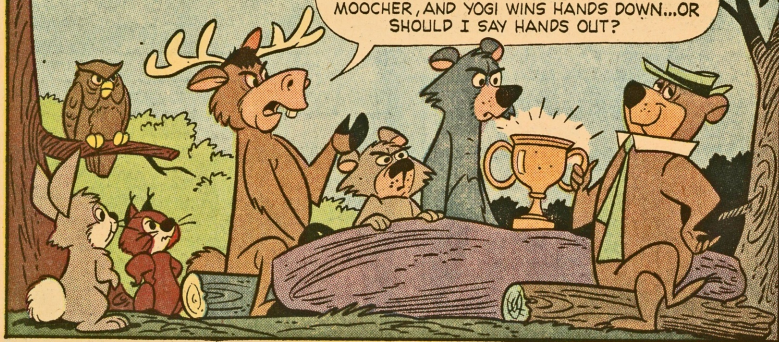
Hanna-Barbera

YOGI BEAR

# MASTER MOOCHER

## ANNUAL MOOCHING CHAMPIONSHIP

(SIGH!) EVERY YEAR WE JELLYSTONIANS HOLD A CONTEST TO SEE WHO'S THE BEST MOOCHER, AND YOGI WINS HANDS DOWN...OR SHOULD I SAY HANDS OUT?



BUT THIS YEAR, YOGI EVEN MOOCHED THE TROPHY OFF THE JUDGES BEFORE THE CONTEST EVEN STARTED!



HEY-HEY-HEY! I'D RAISE MY CLASPED HANDS IN VICTORY IF I DIDN'T HAVE THIS TROPHY IN MY HANDS



I'LL HOLD IT FOR YOU!

THANKS, PAL!

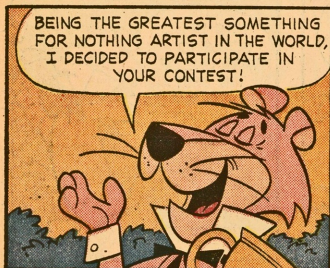


FELLOW MOOCHERS! THANKS FOR THE TROPHY!

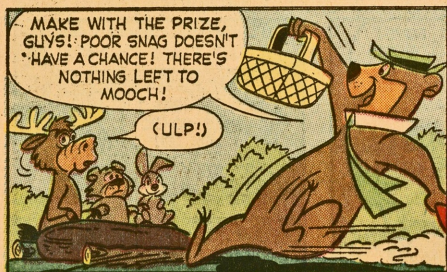
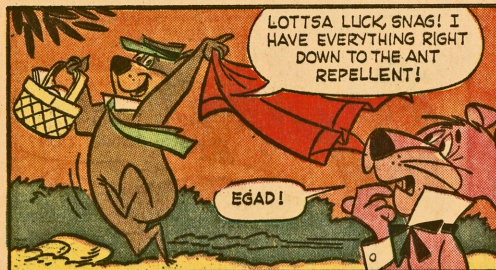
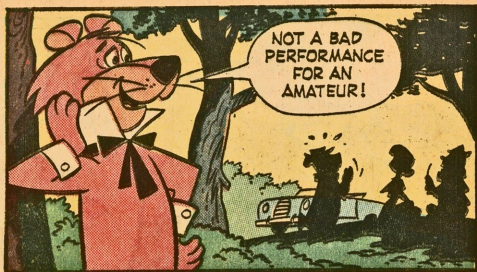


WHAT TROPHY? I'VE GOT THE TROPHY!

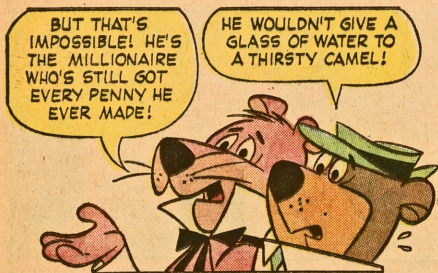




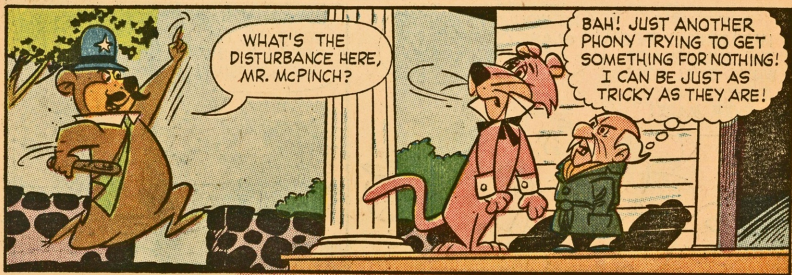
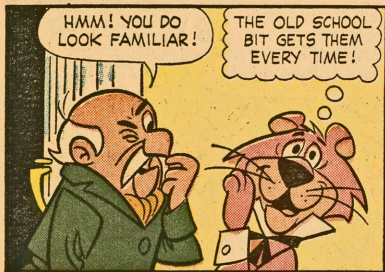




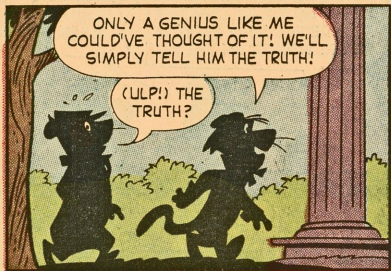
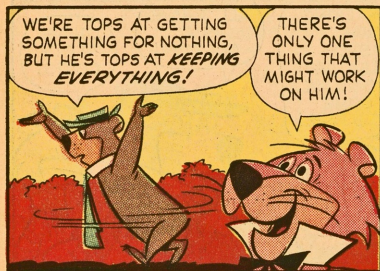














YOGI AND SNAG TELL ALL...





LATER...

## JELLYSTONE PARK

WE'RE  
HERE!

I'M AN IMPORTANT  
MAN! I CAN'T GO  
TO A MEETING  
WITHOUT A  
COLLAR AND TIE!

I'LL JUST  
BORROW  
YOURS!  
AND I'LL  
NEED A  
HAT, TOO!

LET'S GO, BEFORE  
HE TAKES MY FUR!

THEY'RE BACK! WHICH ONE OF YOU GOT  
A DIME FROM SKINFLINT MCPINCH?

NEITHER ONE! BUT  
I'M HIM, AND I GOT  
ALL THEIR MONEY  
AND MOST OF THEIR  
WARDROBE!

YIPPEE! **SKINFLINT** IS THE CHAMP!  
HE OUTMOOCHED THE **MASTER MOOCHERS**!

CHILD'S  
PLAY!

WE'VE BEEN TAKEN  
FOR A RIDE, CLYDE!

AND WE HAD  
TO WALK!

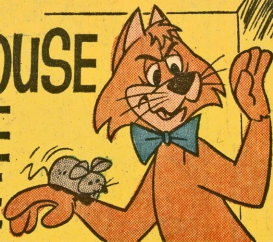
THIS TROPHY MEANS  
A LOT TO ME! ABOUT  
SIX BUCKS AT THE  
PAWN SHOP!

(SIGH!) HE MAKES US  
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

I'M GLAD HE ISN'T A BEAR AT  
JELLYSTONE! **I'D STARVE!**



# NEW MOUSE IN THE HOUSE



"Come out, little pals," Mr. Jinks called to Pixie and Dixie one hot summer day. "I have something for you."

"I hope it's something to help keep us cool," said Pixie. "This heat's getting me."

"It is," answered Jinks sweetly. As the little mice came out of the mousehole, Mr. Jinks grabbed their tails and thrust two fans at them. "It's—uh—like, something to help me keep cool," he grinned.

Stretching out on the floor, he ordered, "Now fan me."

"Oh, no," groaned Pixie.

"It's too hot," objected Dixie.

"Cut the chatter and wave the fans," Mr. Jinks ordered. "I want to take a nap."

As soon as Mr. Jinks was asleep, Pixie and Dixie went back to their mousehole.

"Sometimes," stormed Pixie, "Mr. Jinks goes too far!"

"And this is one of the times," agreed Dixie. "Let's go away for a few days, until he appreciates us again."

Off went Pixie and Dixie, and before long, Mr. Jinks woke up.

"Where are you, you goof-off meeces?" Jinks shouted. "Well," he exclaimed, when he found a good-bye note from the mice, "it seems those meeces didn't appreciate their good home here. But they'll be back, as usual, and this time, I'll fix them!"

The next day, after Pixie and Dixie had spent the night in the park, Pixie sighed, "I kind of miss Jinksy and his tricks."

"Me, too," said Dixie. "Jinksy isn't really bad. He just likes to tease us. Let's go home."

Back in the house, Pixie shouted gaily, "Yoo hoo, Jinksy, we've come back!"

"Get lost," growled Mr. Jinks.

"Oh," Pixie gasped, "there's a new mouse in the house!"

Running happily up and down Jinksy's arm was a cute little gray mouse!

"Watch out, little mouse," Pixie shouted, as Jinksy reached out to pet it. "Jinksy's up to no good! Get out of here quick!"

Mr. Jinks turned a cold eye on them.

"You get out of here," he ordered. "And quick! I've got a new little pal now, so pack up and scat, before I toss you out!"

Sadly, Pixie and Dixie started packing.

"I never dreamed Jinksy would bring a new mouse into the house," sighed Dixie.

"But he did. And this time he really has gone too far," answered Pixie, angrily.

Struggling with their little suitcases, Pixie and Dixie started on their way.

"I'm tired," said Dixie, plopping down under a window. "Let's rest awhile."

As the little mice closed their eyes, the window above them suddenly opened and—kerpop—something landed beside them. It was the new mouse from the house!

As they moved toward it, they heard Mr. Jinks mutter, "That thing is no fun. I wish Pixie and Dixie would come back."

"It's only a toy!" exclaimed Pixie.

"You're right," said Dixie. "Mr. Jinks was just teasing us again."

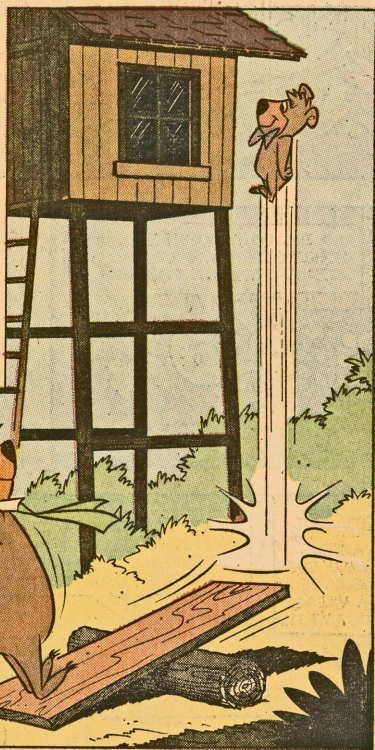
As Pixie and Dixie scooted back into the house, Mr. Jinks smiled; "Let's—uh—like forgive and forget, fellas."

"You promise never to bring another new mouse into the house?" asked Dixie.

"I promise," answered Mr. Jinks. "Who needs one—with you two miserable meeces here!" he growled, suddenly chasing them under the table as Pixie and Dixie scampered happily out of his reach!



# A JELLYSTONE JOLLY

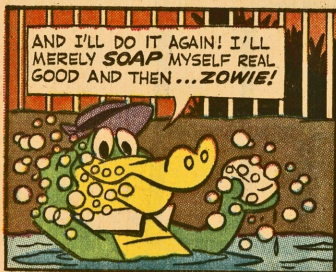




Hanna-Barbera

WALLY GATOR

# THE WILD and WOOLY WEST





OKAY, PAL, JUST CALM DOWN! REMEMBER THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HAS COME OUT HERE, TOO!

WOW! A REAL OLD-FASHIONED SHERIFF!



I'M NOT OLD-FASHIONED! I'VE GOT RADAR EQUIPPED PATROL CARS AND A NICE, MODERN JAIL FOR TROUBLEMAKERS!

(ULP!)



SO, ENJOY YOURSELF, BUT NO MORE RAISING A RUCKUS AND DISTURBING THE PEACE!

OKAY, SHERIFF!



I DON'T CARE WHAT THAT SHERIFF SAYS! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH MOVIES TO KNOW THE WEST IS STILL A WILD AND WOOLY PLACE!



HEH, HEH!

IT'S ROBBERY! ROBBERY!!



I KNEW IT! I'VE BEEN IN TOWN TEN MINUTES, AND ALREADY A HOLDUP!



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PROVE TO THAT SHERIFF WHAT A VALUABLE ASSET I AM TO THE TOWN!



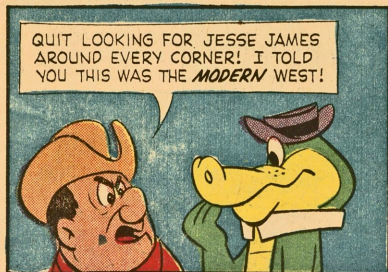
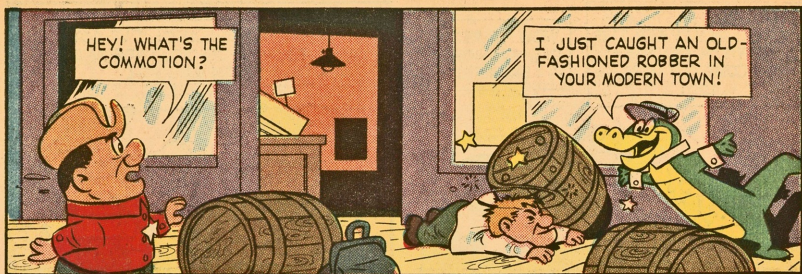
YIPE!

★ ★ ★  
CLUNK!  
★ CLUNK!  
★ CLUNK!

ONE-TWO-THREE STRIKES, YOU'RE OUT!

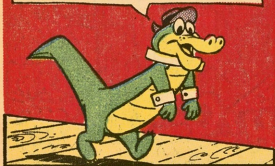






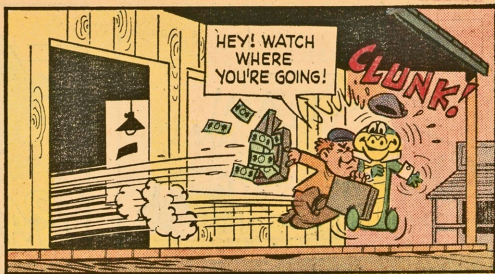


I GUESS I BETTER WISE UP  
A LITTLE, THOUGH! THINGS  
AREN'T WHAT THEY USED  
TO BE OUT HERE!



HEY! WATCH  
WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!

**CLUNK!**



**HELP!  
ROBBERY!  
ROBBERY!**

HEH-HEH! LOOKS LIKE  
YOU MADE A PRETTY  
GOOD HAUL IN THERE!

THIS GUY MUST  
BE A CROOK, TOO!



YEAH! AND YOU'RE  
NOT GETTING ANY  
PART OF IT!

OF COURSE NOT!  
YOU SALESMEN  
WORK HARD FOR  
YOUR MONEY!

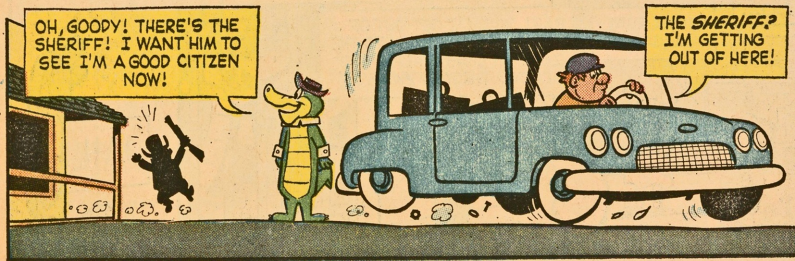


I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THAT  
STORE OWNER  
WAS YELLING  
ABOUT! YOU  
HAVE TO MAKE  
A PROFIT, TOO!

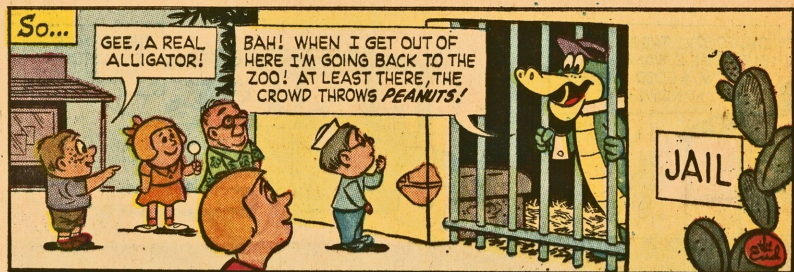
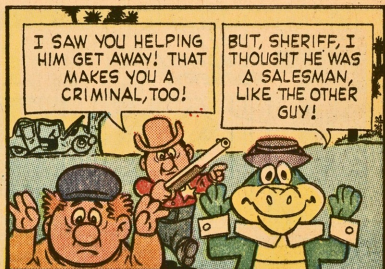
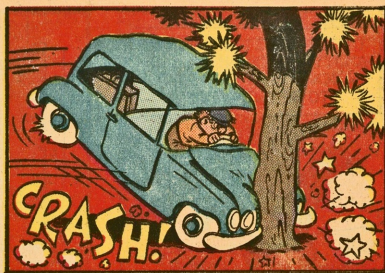
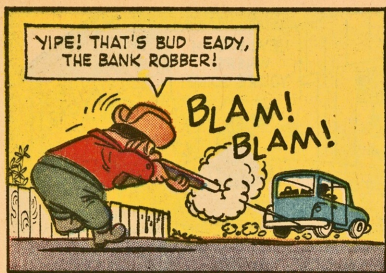


OH, GOODY! THERE'S THE  
SHERIFF! I WANT HIM TO  
SEE I'M A GOOD CITIZEN  
NOW!

THE SHERIFF?  
I'M GETTING  
OUT OF HERE!







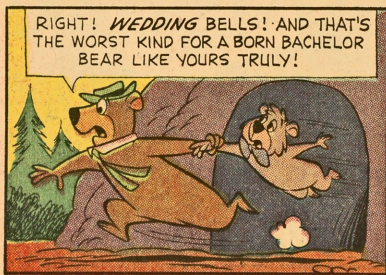
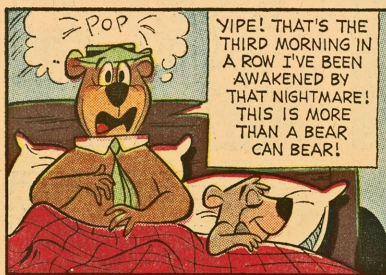




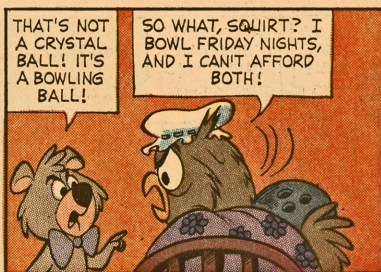


Hanna-Barbera  
**YOGI BEAR**

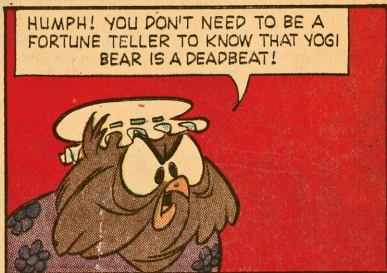
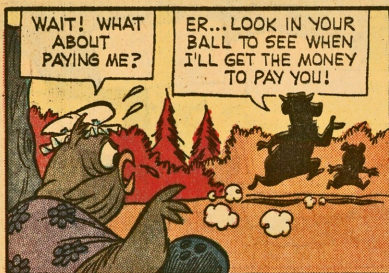
# THE GOOD CATCH WHO WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT

















**SHORTLY...**





LATER...

WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT  
IS WHY ANYBODY WOULD  
WANT TO MARRY YOU, YOGI!

THANKS FOR THE  
BOOST, BOO!

ALL I KNOW  
IS I'M NEVER  
GOING OFF THIS  
MOUNTAIN  
UNTIL...  
**YIPE!**



THAT DOES IT!  
LET'S GO, JOE!

JEALOUSY

FREEDOM

BUT, YOGI, I THOUGHT YOU SAID  
YOU WERE NEVER GOING DOWN!

YOU KNOW WHAT  
I DO AND WHAT  
I SAY ARE  
SOMETIMES FAR  
AWAY! HEY, HEY!

CINDY, DON'T THROW  
YOUR LIFE AWAY  
ON WORTHLESS  
BUGGY BEAR JUST  
BECAUSE I HAVE  
SCORNEE THEE!

DUH... WHO  
YOU CALLING  
WORTHLESS,  
YOGI?



THROW MY LIFE AWAY? WE'RE ONLY GOING TO A PARTY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, YOGI? YOU'VE BEEN ACTING ODD ALL DAY!

A PARTY?

OF COURSE! MY LADIES' CLUB IS THROWING A COSTUME PARTY, AND I RENTED THIS BRIDE AND GROOM OUTFIT! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO ASK YOU TO GO ALL DAY!

WHAT A RELIEF! I-I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MARRY ME!

MARRY YOU?

HA, HA, HA, HA! WHAT A SILLY IDEA!

DUH...YEAH! YUK! YUK! WHO'D WANNA MARRY YOGI?

HMPH! I'M CONSIDERED A GOOD CATCH IN SOME PLACES!

WELL, I'VE NEVER BEEN TO THOSE PLACES! AND I'M MAD AT YOU FOR BEING SO CONCEITED AS TO THINK I'D CHASE AFTER YOU! IF I WEREN'T A LADY, I'D CLOBBER YOU!

DUHH...I'M NO LADY, SO I'LL DO IT FOR YOU! I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED WORTHLESS!

OWW!

OH, YOU BRUTE! HOW DARE YOU PICK ON YOGI?

BUT-BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID...



